



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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A CORRESPONDENT from Frankfort has communicated to us the pleasing intelligence, that the approaching Festival given by the *Liederkrantz* will be held in that city on a scale of unprecedented grandeur and magnificence. The choralists, he states, will number upwards of a thousand; and although he has not supplied the total strength of the orchestra, we find that one foreign journal reckons it at eighteen hundred. The musical societies of Dresden, Leipsic, Darmstadt, Mayence, Offenbach, and Hanau, have flocked into the city, and rehearsals take place daily. SPOHR will attend and conduct a new oratorio composed by him expressly for this Festival; and SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE has also written a new cantata for the occasion, called "Time and Eternity," the words of which are by KLOPSTOCK. The latter is a very able and interesting composition, intended, like the last requiem of CHERUBINI, for male voices only. The accompaniments consist of an organ, six double basses, and the usual complement of wind instruments. The other portion of the performance is occupied by a selection from the works of SPOHR, LE SUEUR, CHERUBINI, SCHNYDER, and KLEIN. Three pedal fugues of SEBASTIAN BACH are announced to be interspersed between the acts, one of which compositions will be performed by Dr. SCHLENMMER, who has also written a concerto for the organ to be performed by himself at the opening of the first day's celebration, which is fixed to take place in the Church of St. Katherine. On the morning of the second day the choralists and performers will proceed by water to the delightful village of Sandhof, situate on the Maine; when they will adjourn to the wood in the immediate vicinity, and there perform the second part of the programme.

This delightful *fête* is connected with a new Institution founded in honour of MOZART, the object of which is to promote the diffusion of musical knowledge, by affording instruction in the art of composition. Young persons from any part of
VOL. IX.—NEW SERIES, VOL. II.

the Continent, where the German language is spoken, are eligible to become students, provided on examination they appear to possess sufficient natural advantages to qualify them for a just appreciation of the course of education offered them ; but no pupil is to remain more than four years on the books. It is in furtherance of this noble enterprise that the July Festival takes place in Frankfort on the magnificent scale announced. The funds expected to be raised on the occasion will be augmented by the profits of concerts, and other performances of the *Liederkrantz*, at stated intervals.

To her choral schools, and the spirit of association for which her artists are justly celebrated, Germany is indebted for the high attainments in the art which distinguish individual professors ; and its comparatively universal influence amongst all classes of the community.

These musical unions afford the means of developing all the faculties of the nation. But the formation of an institution for the ostensible purpose of propagating a band of composers, is applying the principle of combination upon a new and most interesting experiment. We foresee the rise and progress of genius, independently of the protection of the higher classes, to which its possessors in early life are generally debarred access ; and often, indeed, languish in obscurity to the end of their days, for want of this (as it has hitherto been considered) indispensable attribute of success. We also foresee the rise and progress of genius in defiance of party spirit, or the secret efforts of envious mediocrity. We can venture to predict, too, the emancipation of the composer from the iron bondage of fashion. To such a glorious band of amateurs there can be but one stimulus, and that a development of the unchanging principles of beauty. The music best calculated to act on the masses is that which is simple, pure, natural, and unaffected. The power then of swaying the perceptions and feelings of myriads of entranced listeners, must infinitely transcend the gratification arising from subservience to the fashionable taste of the day, whose existence is as precarious as it is variable.

The people at Frankfort have set a spirit-stirring example, which the amateurs of London cannot too speedily imitate. The facility of having an arena for the display of a new composition, is doubtless a strong inducement to write ; but it is especially so when it can be made instrumental in creating a school for the encouragement and dissemination of the principles of composition. We, indeed, fervently hope the enlightened zeal of our German brethren will not be lost sight of by musicians at home.

ENGLISH SINGERS, No. III.—MR. HARRISON.

THIS celebrated tenor singer was brought up in the choir of the Chapel Royal. In this school, the Ancient Concerts and country meetings, contemporary with Bartleman, Knyvett, and Greatorex, and an attendant on all the nobility's concerts, he remained a leading vocalist till his death. Few names are so familiar to the *ci-devant* class of professors and amateurs as that of Harrison ; his style is always quoted as the highest perfection of art, and his voice extolled as the very quintessence of every thing "beautiful, delicious, mellifluous, and luscious ;" terms, we presume, sufficiently exaggerated to calm the minds of his most enthusiastic admirers. As truth overthrows the dreams of romance, so in this case, like some evil genius, we must break the spell with which fairy recollection has enthralled

her misguided votaries, and set the musical student of the present day right, with regard to the real estimate in which the talents of this over-be-praised singer are to be held. He had a very sweet and legitimate tenor voice (compass from A to A) of very limited power, but rich and brilliant; very slow in forming the tone, but considerable management in producing it, and which was too perceptible to the listener. The tone resembling the musical glasses chaste, clear, and always undulating; that is, he made continual use of the crescendo; dying away towards the close of each note—

“ Like the sweet south upon a bank of violets.”

It may be conceived by the experienced musician, that such a voice and style could be rendered available, but in very few of Handel's songs. In “Comfort ye my people,” he sang the opening movement charmingly, because the sort of voice told there; but in “Every Valley,” where energy, spirit, and variety of tone is required, he was equally deficient. One of his best songs was “Oft on a Plat,” from *L'Allegro e Penseroso*. The “Lord remember David;” Horsleys “Gentle Lyre,” and “The Mansion of Peace,” by Webbe, were also extremely well suited to his peculiar tone and style; but we must now pause and look on the other side of the shield. The style even of these, his best songs, was tame to a degree, and wanting nearly every kind of ornament, so that if you heard Harrison once, you had heard him for ever; he never varied, nor was he known to move a part of his frame while singing; suffered no sudden emotion of the mind to lighten up his manner, nor could he put on that finer feeling which stimulated such artists as Malibran, Bartleman, and others, who “go out of themselves,” and imagine for the time they were actually the characters they represented;—“the form was perfect, but it was lifeless—the spark from heaven was wanting.”* As this admission comes from one of his most violent admirers, it will be enough to caution all young singers not to adopt the Harrisonian style, if they have not the Harrisonian voice. It is possible to sing purely, and yet with energy; it is possible to pronounce your words properly, and yet vary the tone according to the sentiment you are illustrating, and unless attention is paid to the poetry of your style; all the sweetness, the clearness, the finish of manner, will but combine to produce similar effects upon the ear, that the sight of a very fair and beautiful girl, totally devoid of intellect, expression, or the appearance of vitality (and such things are) must have upon the thinking beholder.

Mr. Vaughan is the only singer retaining the style of his predecessor Harrison, and those who have heard him in his best days, will have heard finish, pathos, and energy, to a greater degree than the latter ever attained. But the wants of a more varied taste, and a wider range of composition has introduced, and will maintain another description of style more dramatic, more plastic, more true to poetical expression, and withal better suited to the enlarged views of modern writers, and the excited minds of concert-going audiences. Perhaps the musical antipodes could not be more closely typified than in the names of Harrison and Rubini.† All the freezing coldness, the barren dryness of the one, contrasts effectively with the exuberant ornament, the overbearing energy and volatile leaping and capering of the other. Between these extremes there is a middle path, which good sense and a competent instructor, with a well cultivated mind, neither warped by prejudice or fashion, may enable the young student to attain. Think for yourself, take nothing upon trust, watch no singer to catch their peculiarities, which are essentially their own private property; avoid all dryness, formality, and coldness, and endeavour to erect a style and manner of your own; thus, and thus only, is there any chance of becoming eminent in the most difficult of all the difficult arts, viz.—the formation of a perfect singer.

NEW ORGAN.—Messrs. Bevington and Son have recently erected an organ in the newly built Catholic chapel at Tonbridge Wells, which was opened with great pomp and ceremonial on Tuesday the 17th instant.

* See Quarterly Musical Review, vol. i. p. 83.

† A singer named LERNARD appeared some years ago at the Oratorios with a magnificent high tenor voice and taste style, far superior to Harrison's, but he had not nerve enough to face the public. Those who remember Dr. Spray, may recall one of the sweetest and most racy of the tenor voices ever heard, wanting only superior cultivation to make it perfect.

METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

CONCERTO ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—The men of this generation are, in some things, returning to the tastes and habits of their forefathers; and we think we may prognosticate, in the increasing love for Sebastian Bach and his compositions, a revival of the organ concerto—a form of musical conception with which our grandfathers, whether of high or low degree, were especially delighted. Owing, however, to the change of fashion, the concerto organist has for many years proved a character almost unknown, although not unappreciated, in quarters where music loves to dwell. Vauxhall no longer boasts of a Roseingrave, a Stanley, or a Worgan; the Lent oratorios have ceased to afford an opportunity for organ display, and there is now no representative of Handel, C. Wesley, S. Wesley, or Jacob, in the announcements of the performances at the provincial festivals. But if there has been no public arena for the concerto player, there has ever existed a remnant, a small but affectionate band, who have not forsaken the assembling of themselves together, and with whom the organist, (*par eminence*), has been held in that honour and esteem to which his talents entitle him. The concerto performer of the present time will have to stand in a very different position from the player of the past generation. The character of our instruments is changed—the taste of the public has changed. The light and brilliant tones of a Snetzler have receded before the massive diapasons and reeds of an Elliott and Hill; and to these builders, and the Grays, our amateurs owe an acquaintance with the might and omnipotence of the pedal organ. But, in proportion as the powers and capabilities of the organ have been extended, so have the difficulties of a masterly performance been increased. The small palates have become large and enormous—hence a weighty and less effective touch; the tone has become thick and massive—hence the necessity of clear part playing; the pedale has erected unto itself an independent kingdom—hence a new system of divided harmony for the hands. The practice of Bach's music, increasing as it is daily, assists in disseminating a knowledge of these requisites; and we believe but few persons who mix in musical circles would be, at this time, pleased or satisfied with muddy harmonies on the diapasons—a mixed jumble of schools; here a harmony of Corelli, and anon one of Rossini or Weber—on the loud organ; or a *fanfaronnade* on some three or four solo stops.

The introduction of Bach's pedal fugues, and their public performance in the metropolis, took its rise about ten or twelve years ago. We find, from our musical records, that in 1827 the pedal fugue in E flat, now usually called the *St. Anne's Fugue*, was produced by Messrs. Wesley and Gauntlett, at a probationary performance for the situation of organist to St. Stephen's, Coleman-street. "This fugue (states a writer at the time) has not, that we are aware, been attempted by any single performer previously to this occasion, with the exception of Dr. Crotch, who played it some years since at one of his public lectures." Dr. Crotch's performance, having been on a pianoforte, of course, was no specimen of organ pedal playing. The notice referred to further informs us that "in the opinion of Mr. Attwood, one of the umpires, this was an extraordinary performance;" but the schoolmaster has been abroad since that period, and it was but the other day that we heard a little girl of eleven years play the whole with a fire and energy which was as surprising as it was delightful. The beautiful preludes to the pedal fugues soon followed, Mr. Wesley playing the B minor and E minor at Christchurch in 1828, and Mr. Gauntlett the one in E flat, the B minor fugue, and the finale to the trio in C minor, for two rows of keys and pedals, on the new organ at Bermondsey in 1829.

After an interval of nearly ten years, we have been equally surprised by seeing the trios of Bach attempted, and by a lady. As they are the most elegant and varied of all Bach's pedal works, so they are the most difficult. Wesley, in the preface to his edition of these "noble efforts of transcendent genius and profound musical erudition," observes, "they were performed by the matchless author in a very extraordinary manner; the first and second treble parts he played with both hands on two sets of keys, and the bass (wonderful as it appears) he executed entirely on the pedals without assistance. Mr. Wesley lived to enjoy the fruits of his zeal for Bach and his writings, in the rise of a perfect army of pedal players, and the legitimate performance of the trios by one of his pupils.

The name of Miss Stirling has already appeared in our pages. We heard her at St. Katharine's Church, in the Regent's Park, in August, 1837, perform a selection from the works of Bach; and in October following she repeated it on the organ in Skinner-street.

As the first decided exhibition of a lady pedal player, and in concerto compositions of high difficulty, this performance assumed an interesting feature in the annals of organ playing, and as the programme has been preserved, in justice to her and her friends, we insert it as a curiosity in musical records.

1. Fantasia and fugue in C minor.—John Schneider.
2. Trio in G for two rows of keys and pedal, on the chorale "Allein Gott in der höh" (from the "Exercises pour le clavecin."—Seb. Bach.
3. Prelude in E flat from the Exercises.—Seb. Bach.
4. Trio in G for two rows of keys and pedal, from the Exercises, on the chorale "Dies sind die heiligen."—Seb. Bach.
5. Prelude and fugue in C major, No. 3 of the first set of the pedal fugues.—Seb. Bach.
6. Trio in E minor, from the Exercises on the chorale (in canon) "Vater unser imm himmel-reich."—Seb. Bach.
7. Prelude and fugue in E minor, No. 6 of the first set.—Seb. Bach.
8. Canonic variations in C on the Christmas hymn "Vom himmel hoch." (Haslinger's edition).—Seb. Bach.
9. Prelude and fugue in A minor, No. 1 of the first set.—Seb. Bach.
10. Trio in D minor, from the Exercises on the chorale (in the pedal) "Jesus Christus unser Heiland."—Seb. Bach.
11. Prelude and fugue in C minor, No. 4 of the first set.—Seb. Bach.
12. Prelude and fugue in A major.—E. Webbe.

The fair *debutante* met with "honest and gentlemanly" criticism, much of which however emanated, we are apt to think, from a musical *attaché* to certain Sunday newspapers. There was a great cry of justice to the achievements of a lady pedalist; the uncharitableness of male organists was deprecated; the parsons abused for their superstition and hypocrisy; reference made to the elaborations of a Bach; nor did *The Musical World* refuse to insert a correspondent's reiteration of these things. In short, every one was gratified, and Miss Stirling was admitted to be the most talented organist that had for a very long period performed on the organ in St. Sepulchre's Church.

We lost sight of Miss Stirling until the recent election of a successor to Mr. Goss, at the church of St. Luke, Chelsea; but the preference given to Miss Richardson, pupil of Mr. Adams, on that occasion, cannot be considered as any evidence of great superiority, as much depends on the temperament of the individual. The greater the talent, in some cases, the more utter the prostration of nervous energy.

On Friday last, Miss Stirling resumed her seat at the organ in St. Sepulchre's, when the selection was as follows:

1. Fugue in C minor from the Exercises on the chorale "Kyrie Gott Vater."—Seb. Bach.
2. Fugue in C minor from the Exercises on the chorale "Gott heiliger Geist."—Seb. Bach.
3. Adagio from the 4th sonata in E flat, with violin obligato.—Seb. Bach.
4. Prelude and fugue in G minor. (Lonsdale's Ed. and Coventry and Hollier).—Seb. Bach.
5. Second trio in C minor from the Six. (Wesley's Ed. Lonsdale).—Seb. Bach.
6. Prelude and fugue in D major. (Coventry and Hollier).—Seb. Bach.
7. Andante from a quartet.—Mozart.
8. Toccata in D minor. (Breitkopf and Härtel).—Seb. Bach.
9. Trio in G major, No. 6 of the Six.—Seb. Bach.
10. Prelude and fugue in C minor. (No. 1. Novello).—Mendelssohn.
11. Trio in C, No. 5 of the Six.—Seb. Bach.
12. Fantasia and fugue in G major. (Coventry and Hollier).—Seb. Bach.
13. Adagio from a quartet.—Haydn.
14. Prelude and fugue in E flat on St. Ann's tune. (Lonsdale, and the Exercises).—Seb. Bach.

We heard but a small portion of the selection; a part of the trio in G major,

Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in C minor, the trio in C, and a part of the fantasia; but as Miss Stirling is no longer a *debutante*, we may be excused a few comments on her performance, which although not in their character so gratifying to her feelings as the laudatory and eulogistic notices of her friends in certain weekly periodicals, (which will, perhaps, be repeated in some monthly journals hereafter), may yet in their tendency prove more useful, and certainly more beneficial to her in the prosecution of a study of Bach's works. The first preliminary towards arriving at a "perfect mastery" of these compositions, is a facility in their mechanical execution. Miss Stirling has obtained a security, independence, and command over the pedals, which demands, as it receives, our unqualified admiration:—the *touch* of the pedal (for there is a touch on that keyboard as well as on the manuals) is certain and deliciously tranquil. But not so her hands, and we venture to affirm, that if she had played either of the choruses, "Unto us a child is born," "Let us break their bonds asunder," "The horse and his rider," "Immortal Lord," "With his loud voice," "See the proud chiefs," "Tremble, guilt," or any other of Handel's which demanded a clean, neat, close, and brilliant finger, in the same uncertain and unsatisfactory manner in which she performed the compositions we have enumerated as having listened to, many of her auditors would probably have walked out of the church. Miss Stirling had gone through many bars of the prelude to Mendelssohn's fugue in C minor before we discovered what it was she was attempting, not having a programme to follow her. The confusion of the notes was most extraordinary, and the effect was similar to what an English painter would have termed *licked*,—or an American one, perchance, *an eternal smudge*. The fantasia was still more ill executed, and perfectly incomprehensible to those who were unacquainted with the composition. It appeared to us that she had not enjoyed the advantage of hearing either composition performed by any one but herself, and that she had learnt them by practising the parts *seriatim*, and thereby lost, if indeed she had ever acquired, the *swing* of the music as a whole. As she has not that variation and elasticity of finger which enables the player to take this passage brilliantly, a second staccato, a third closely and neatly, there was no picture, no story, and the whole fell with a melancholy and exasperating inanimation on the ear. Those of our readers who have heard Wesley or Mendelssohn play Bach's compositions, know that there is as much colouring necessary for their just reading, as for the due execution of a sonata by Mozart or Beethoven. The organ touch is one of great difficulty to attain: that of Charles Wesley was certainly the most captivating of all players we ever heard, because it was the just medium between the *legato* and the *staccato*. He combined them both, and possessed them separate, to a perfection which is now unrivalled. Samuel Wesley's was smooth and *chantante*, but not so varied. Adams in the *staccato*, is and will continue to be, we suppose, beyond approach. Jacob played in the *legato* manner, and therefore never satisfied us in Bach's organ music. Mendelssohn, by the early practice of the fantastic forms of the olden organ writers, has acquired a wiry, crisp, energetic character of delivery, which tells instantaneously, and his command over the pianoforte mechanism gives him a variation and facility of speech, which in a delivery of Bach's works are invaluable. Nor ought we to forget Mr. Pittman, who has attained, to a high degree, a brilliant and *chantante* finger. This freedom of touch is an essential requisite to a tale-telling enunciation of Bach's outline, counterpoints, episodes, and countless modes of diversifying his *motifs*.

But the most difficult task remains—the character and conduct of the time of each movement. In this respect Miss Stirling has every thing to learn. Would it be believed that, notwithstanding the repeated performances in this country of Mendelssohn's prelude by its composer and Dr. Schlemmer, the lady took the movement about three times too fast—a trouble perfectly unnecessary even if she possessed the touch of an Adams. The same thing in a less degree happened to the fantasia; both of course were unintelligible. It was a fault of this kind which we are informed caused her failure at St. Luke's, where, as we have heard on excellent authority, the performance was as indistinct and unsteady as it was on Friday last.

But after settling on the right time in which to perform Bach's compositions, a grand difficulty remains, and that is, the management of the *tempo rubato* without any perceptible interruption of the ebb and flow of his mighty outpourings of

harmony. Herein lies the inimitable charm of Mendelssohn's performance. The stealing here and pulling back there, and yet ever keeping the time sure and certain, is one of the most extraordinary indications and delightful developments of this great man's genius. We have Bach before us, with his broad and expansive forehead, brawny arms, and glorious wig, in the pale attenuated frame of the young German. The fugue we feel has never been written on paper, and the magician is pouring forth his glorious melodies from a clear bright spring of ever-living water. This is the charm of INTELLECT; Miss Stirling has not given us even a distant perception that she feels the music her fingers should enunciate, although we watched her narrowly during the brief time we heard her perform.

To what extent the time she took the different movements in might have been her own choice we know not. Bach's music, especially his three part trios and fugues, are sad exponents of the real body of tone in an organ, and we fancied, from the unmitigable thinness of tone which marks the St. Sepulchre's organ, that there might have been some motive in the back ground. When we affirm that this instrument has not a third of the body of tone which is in that at Christ church, we only reiterate the opinion of one of Germany's best and most talented organists. We except Mr. Gray's pedal pipes, which are superb. He ought to have his bust placed at the top of the instrument, and when he leaves this sublimary scene (which most earnestly do we trust may not be for another half century), his last resting-place should be underneath his *chef d'œuvre*.

Miss Stirling will thank us for these observations, for we hereby bring her into more notice than would a twelvemonth's chronicling in obscure, unread, and ill-favoured periodicals. She has displayed great industry, and much of that mother's wit which in a lady supplies the place of genius. Bach is one of those gallant masters "that teach without scolding, and chastise without stripes," and if she read his works with a view of analysing them, as perseveringly as she appears to have practised them, she must become an accomplished, and therefore a celebrated professor.

THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

THE revival of Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every Man in His Humour* is a very praiseworthy attempt, whether it proceed from the enterprise of the manager or the taste of Mr. Macready. We are not of those who fancy that bygone humours and past fashions should be excluded from the stage. They have a purpose in them as well as a moral; and it is surely neither unamusing nor un instructive to trace the fantastic tricks of man through their various outward mutations to one or two still dominant principles of folly. There is much loose talk abroad we suspect, even among the reputed wise in critical matters, of the Comedy of Character and the Comedy of Intrigue; and it is rather too readily taken for granted, that because the warts and excrescences of social life assume different shapes, their nature is essentially different. We are apt to confound the infirmity with its mode of expression, as we are to identify colour with the substance whence it is reflected. Another fertile source of error is our own confined knowledge of society. The ruffler of the time of Elizabeth has not become extinct, because we no longer see his rapier, trunk-hose, buff jerkin, and Spanish cloak; nor are the fashionables of modern times without their parallels in the gallants of a former age. We will grant that the personal identity is so disguised by mannerism, as not to be readily apparent. But here the actor should step in, and become interpreter to the spectator. Like the portrait painter, he should not be content with giving the mere likeness, but should endeavour to convey the character with the lineaments, and stamp the form and pressure of the mind on the countenance. And here it is that our present actors most fail. They seldom penetrate beyond the surface, and if characteristically dressed, or what they imagine to be so, seem to think they have done sufficient for their hire if not for fame. Hence, if the revival of an old piece do not "come twanging off," they ascribe the failure to its obsolete character, instead of taking the hint to study humanity more intently. They never take their own demerits into the question, but set it down as the fault of the dramatist; just as the logician who rejects whatever consideration may contravene his own darling hypothesis. Our conclusion is, that *Every Man in His Humour* will not be an attractive play,

because the actors either will not take the trouble to understand, or else are altogether unable to comprehend, its general relation to life. But we shall be glad if such attempts are persevered in, since they will ultimately force them to the necessity of analysing the means and appliances of their art, as bearing upon its ultimate objects and proposed end—*Speculum vite*.

We need hardly say, that there is one actor to whom the above remarks do not apply. Mr. Macready is sure to exhibit, in all he undertakes, the knowledge and the enthusiasm of the artist; and his performance of the jealous *Kiteley* might have been viewed with approbation by the sturdy old poet himself. Not that it was perfect, but that it was throughout marked by vigorous conception, and discriminative execution. He was happiest in his soliloquies, but somewhat too hurried in the conversational parts of the dialogue. The chief defect arose from his obvious desire to sink the manner of the tragedian in the walk and habits of everyday life, and yet his constant relapse to its stateliness from the force of custom. But this solecism, if it may so be termed, together with some minor blemishes, will wear off on repetition. Of the other gentlemen, the less that is said the better for their reputation. *Dame Kiteley* is a more important personage in her husband's eyes than on the stage; but the little she has to say, was very sweetly said by Miss Taylor, and certes she looked pretty enough to make a man reasonably jealous.

The new farce of *New Notions* is a hash up of old jokes. Still the folk laugh as if they would go into convulsions, and a farce that secures this happy consummation, is all that author, manager, or public can desire.

Mr. William Shakspeare and his play, entitled *The Queen's Command*, at the English Opera House, are each worthy of the other. *Verbum sat!*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. BALFE's buffa opera of *Falstaff* was produced last Thursday night, and repeated on Saturday. We attended both representations. On the first night it was well received by a moderately filled house, and on the second its success was unquestionable by a numerous and fashionable company, including the presence of her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and many distinguished foreigners. On both occasions the composer was much applauded during the performance, and called for at the conclusion. The same compliment was extended to the performers. Our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press have been also generally strong in their eulogium, and, no doubt, sincere; but we confess that we differ essentially from the praise bestowed on the composition. *Falstaff*, regarded as a comic opera, is a failure. We write this advisedly, and we shall assign our reasons for not agreeing with the critic, who associates Cimarosa and Mozart with the name of Mr. Balfe. The latter, if he be not intoxicated with adulation, must feel abashed at such "censure in disguise." We contend that *Falstaff* is not an opera buffa. It has not the slightest pretensions to the *vis comica*. The music is adapted for the most solemn *libretto* ever invented. But the drama of Signor Maggioni afforded every opportunity for a man of genius, one upon whom the mantle of Cimarosa had descended, to have written really vivacious music, although we cannot but think, as things now are, that the choice of our immortal bard's "Merry Wives of Windsor," an unhappy one for an Italian opera. Maggioni, it would seem, has thought so too, for he has made use of an unsparing pruning knife. He has in his version deprived us of Justice Shallow, Master Slender, Doctor Caius, Sir Hugh Evans, Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, Peter Simple, and Jack Rugby, all diverting companions of the first water. The adapter thus casts the drama:—Mrs. Ford, *Mad. Grisi*.—Mrs. Page, *Mlle. Caremoli*.—Anne Page, *Mad. Albertazzi*.—Mrs. Quickly, *Mad. Castelli*.—Sir John Falstaff, *Sig. Lablache*.—Charles Fenton, *Sig. Rubini*.—Master Ford, *Sig. Tamburini*.—Master Page, *Sig. Morelli*.—George, *Sig. Galli*.—Robin, *Sig. Salabert*.

We have now brought our readers to the music. Mr. Balfe's former efforts in operatic composition have one marked feature—that of belonging, so to speak, to no school. He is the Italian on the Irishman, and it is in the latter character that Mr. Balfe has gained his reputation as a composer. Of his former operas but little will be remembered, save the one simple melody in each, which severally proved their salvation. "The light of other days"—"The peace of the valley," and one or two other cavatinas, will be treasured in the cells of memory, because

they are the natural inspiration of early and fond reminiscences; his unfaithful and cold imitations of the clever artists Donizetti and Bellini, are already forgotten. With this view of the case, Mr. Balfe would succeed better in the English than in the Italian *libretto*, and we think the issue bears us out in our opinion. At present England has founded no modern dramatic school of writing. The *Spectator*, in its notice of *Falstaff*, favours the public with a dissertation on "the English school and its great masters;" but we have no notion to what the learned scribe refers, unless it be to the antediluvian forms of HENRY PURCEL and the LAWES. Mr. Balfe has great ability, a predilection for modern harmony, and occasionally a love for sheer honest and unaffected melody, but he has not the strength of mind to form a school. Still he possesses very pleasing traits; we trace Mozart, Weber, Bellini, the peculiar characteristics of the Irish music—the form of melody in which the *fourth* and *seventh* is omitted from the scale—and here and there symptoms of the old English ballad, garnished with a spice of German instrumentation. But these things are in patches, not the happy alchemy of care and energetic forethought. In the opera of *Falstaff*, which is neither of the Italian nor French, and certainly never intended to be of a newly founded British school, we perceive the same want of *unity of school* which has pervaded all Mr. Balfe's former efforts. Thus the *terzetto* for three soprani commences with the style of Mozart, and is German in its features throughout. The *duet* between Lablache and Grisi is a lovely and exquisite movement, but conjures up a vivid recollection of "the mermaid scene," in the *Oberon* of WEBER. There is a nice point for the orchestra at the close of the first scene in the second act, which reminds us of Bellini in his occasional happy points of dramatic colouring; whilst the *cavatina*, given by Rubini, is a charming Irish melody, delicately interspersed with the voluptuous forms of German and Italian instrumentation. But these things are all in scraps; the general basis is of a *Frenchy, galop* cast, which is now lightly scored and anon most noisily. Mr. Balfe has not yet acquired the art of scoring in the sensuous style of the "mere scribbler Donizetti," or the "blustering Bellini." Donizetti is an idle man in his score, but here and there are points which bespeak the most refined notions of the capabilities of an orchestra; whilst Bellini is at times a most delicious painter with the instruments. There are points in the *Norma*, after the manner of the last composer, our readers would never dream of—old Sebastian; and we have in our note-book some gems, of which Spohr might covet the honour of invention. But setting aside these things, Mr. Balfe has not imitated the general construction—the outline of these Italian masters. He gives us the glare and vociferation of the *corni* and *tromboni*, but not the *support*, the inward strengthening which the scores of Bellini and Donizetti display. In this respect *Falstaff* is not in the modern Italian forms, having neither the clearness of the middle school, nor the brilliancy and piquant character of the modern, wanting alike the graceful airiness of *Cimarosa*, and the voluptuous sentiment of Bellini.

The overture is feeble, being a string of subjects, wild and unconnected; and the first few bars indicate the blunder of the composer, for it is a *melancholy* theme, which is repeated at the opening of the first as well as of the second act. A noisy part is also heard in a subsequent duet between Tamburini and Lablache, but it is altogether rather unmeaning and common-place writing. The duet between Page and Ford is but brief, when Mr. Balfe's favourite instrument, the *cornet à piston*, is heard predominant in the symphony preceding the entrance of Sir John Falstaff. Lablache's making up was magnificent—it was perfect—and roars of laughter greeted him as his eye twinkled around. The trio possesses no remarkable feature, and the subject of the ensuing chorus is borrowed from Donizetti's "*Élisaire d'Amore*." This scene ends with the sending of three letters to the ladies; Anne Page becoming one of the "Merry Wives." "Sweet Anne Page" is a contr'alto, but the part should have been written for a *soprano*, and then Persiani might have been included in the cast. Does not *Master Slender* describe Anne as one who speaks small like a woman, and yet we have the deep tones of Albertazzi instead of the high voice, delicately feminine. The ladies' trio made a great impression, and is a very charming and delightful composition. After the agreement to deceive Falstaff is made, a duet follows between Fenton and Ford, which even the fine singing of Rubini and Tamburini rendered scarcely tolerable. A second duet

takes place between *Ford* and *Falstaff*, in which the former passes himself off as *Master Brook*. The phrases "*Voi siete un nom di spirito*," by Tamburini, were well marked, as were the words "*Alpri la stona*," by Lablache; but the concluding martial theme, "*Or comprendo*," had no relation to the words; and indeed this is the radical error of *Balfe* from beginning to end. The next scene is the celebrated one of the buck basket, but the Weberian forms of the music render it too sentimental. We can say little in praise of the finale of the first act. There was no *ensemble*, from the absence of design, and every singer pouring forth a similar strain. Not a bar of melody was left upon the memory, and the harmonies were upon the system of the least worthy specimens of the Italian school.

In the opening chorus of the second act the cornet à piston was the most prominent feature, but leading to nothing agreeable. Here was a good opportunity for Mr. Balfe to have introduced a scena for his hero,—something for Lablache, descriptive of his mishaps in the buck basket; and we think this great singer rather scurvily treated, for, in fact, he has not a line of good music to take care of. May we ask why, when *Falstaff* is speaking of the treatment he has received to his convivial companions, are the *motivi* made as if he were a hero going into a battle. The words "*Ma vi par con un soldato*," should have been burlesque, and not martial. The melody which followed, exquisitely sung by Rubini, is as unaffected as it is beautiful; a simple strain, in the fashion of the good old times, which will charm, however frequent its repetition. The concerted conclusion of this scene is beneath criticism, and the crash of trombones unnecessary and offensive. In the next scene is a solo for Albertazzi, "*Non v'è donna sulla terra*." It is not new, being like a hundred things, but the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon it was richly merited by the singer, for the execution of the divisions in the "*Ah voglia*" was delicious. There was no slurring—it was equal, round, smooth, and flowing. We wish she had but more sentiment, and then her vocalization would be unexceptionable. Herne oak and the fairies chorus followed, a kind of incantation scene, certainly not with fantastic music; and the harp accompaniment to the "*Lascia che a te vicino*," we thought misplaced; for this passage is a derision of *Falstaff* by Mrs. Ford. The Weberian chorus, "*D'umana gente*," was equally as objectionable. It is a mock chorus of fairies—Mr. Balfe makes it the howl of demons. The finale is an *aria di bravura* by Grisi, a vocal exercise without sprightliness. The first phrases with the violoncelli and piccolo were agreeable, but the theme was not carried out, and the whole is less effective than Grisi's scena in the first act.

This "buffa opera" we think rather too serious. Operatical music, Mr. Balfe will not deny, ought to be as nearly as possible descriptive. It ought to convey, by "sweet sounds," some notion of the passing action, or pervading sentiment. The phrases which Mr. Balfe has employed for his purpose do not apply to the situations; they would be in their place if allotted to the delineation of passion the very opposite. Mr. Balfe has been superlatively lucky in having such artists for his opera. Lablache's acting was inimitable. His walk, swagger, wink, and leer, were worth all the notes which he had to sing. Rubini looked like the Flying Dutchman, and the old English costume did not even sit well on Tamburini. We doubt whether either liked his part. The fair vocalists, on the contrary, looked remarkably well in their dresses. Grisi exerted herself strenuously, and sung with grace and vigour. What little Caremoli had to do was done well; and her *début* was promising. Albertazzi, with the exception of her cavatina, was almost as cold and inanimate as ever. The most amusing part of this national opera was the Swiss scenery—this is *buffa* with a vengeance.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Friday evening this beautiful little theatre was opened by the special permission of the Lord Chamberlain, for the presentation to the musical public of the opera *Il Torneo*, the composition of the distinguished musical dilettante, Lord Burghersh. His lordship's well known taste, the judicious improvements effected by him in the character and conduct of the Ancient Concerts, his love and veneration for the vocal works of Sebastian Bach, and his earnest and uninterrupted efforts to render them familiar in this country, his patronage of the profession generally, and the unbroken interest and solicitude manifested by him for the well being of the Royal Academy of Music, have justly excited a feeling of gratitude and respect; and the production of an *opera seria*

from his pen, was of course no other than an object of high curiosity. It had been circulated that no less than fifty excellent performers would occupy the orchestra, headed by the clever musician, Mr. Lucas; that the *dramatis personæ* would be Mrs. Bishop, Miss F. Wyndham, Ivanoff, and other eminent vocalists, supported by an admirable and well trained chorus; and we were therefore in no wise surprised to find the house brilliantly attended. Its appearance was more than usually beautiful. The dress circle had been principally arranged for private boxes, neatly fitted up, and having muslin draperies in good keeping with the *Louis Quatorze* decorations. The pit was disposed for stalls, containing one hundred and forty seats, which were occupied by a most fashionable company. The holders of the private boxes included the names of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Leinster, Lord and Lady Burghersh, Lady Saltoun, Lady Shelley, Lady Freemantle, Lady Hawarden, Lady Lyndhurst, Lady Brougham, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Ann Beckett, Lady Dungannon, Dowager Lady Rivers, the Duchess of Canizaro, &c. &c. Besides the above, we noticed in the house the most distinguished foreigners of the embassies. In fact, during the evening the *élite* of fashion was present, and seldom has there been witnessed such an assemblage of first-rate people in the musical world.

The plot may be comprised in a few words, being a tale of chivalry, and poetically put together. Edward (*Ivanoff*) and English nobleman, had been unjustly accused of ridding himself of his enemy Alfred, and consults his safety, by leaving the isle. The murdered Alfred has a son Albert (*Miss F. Wyndham*), and Edward, a daughter, Helen (*Mrs. Bishop*). The continuance of the family quarrel is placed in jeopardy, by the attachment of the youthful members of the rival houses. Edward having returned to England in disguise, to attend a certain tournament, at which Albert proved the victor, discovers this love affair, and whilst forbidding his daughter Helen, to crown the victor, unveils his *incognito*. He is forthwith arrested, doomed to immediate destruction as a murderer, but a document appears by which the murder of Alfred turns out to be a simple case of *felo de se*; Edward is released, and all parties made happy by the union of his daughter with the heir of his ancient foe.

We may congratulate Lord Burghersh on the curious fact, that he is the only Englishman of the present age, who has written a long opera throughout in one school. *Il Torneo* is strictly an Italian opera, and we defy any professor to pick out an English phrase from any movement, and although one of the choruses was tinged with a Weberian melody (the Bridal chorus in the *Freyschütz*) yet the harmony and structure was purely after the southern manner. This unity of character most agreeably surprised us. We have heard his lordship's madrigals—but these were innocent of the terse and sententious canonic imitations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have also heard his glees and anthems, but they were similarly distorted by a confused mixture of schools, and different modes of thought and expression. *Il Torneo* is free from such exceptions, and we much suspect that if it had appeared at another theatre, and under another name, whether foreigner or countryman, the work would have had a successful run. Of course on Friday last the applause was long and loud, and the most ample demonstrations of good will attended the close of every scene. This was natural; but we, who flatter ourselves that we remain equally upright and independent, whether peer or peasant be the subject of our remarks, caught ourselves on many occasions joining with heart and hand, in the grateful duty of adding a just tribute to native talent.

The best parts of the opera were the aria "*molce speranza*," sang by Miss Wyndham; a romanza, "*Bel ragazzo*," by Ivanoff; a capital polacca, "*Oh! grata immagine*," given by Miss Wyndham; the solos "*Come in un punto*," and "*Il ben del popolo*," sung (but most vilely) by Mr. Stretton; the rounds "*Rapido come il vento*," "*Oh! qual mai sorpresa*," and the chorus, "*Oh! sull' April degli anni*," The first is unusually regular, very pretty and graceful, which, added to the clever singing of the lady cavalier, drew a most hearty *encore*. The romanza is known to all our concert frequenters, who must have remarked the happy warbling of Ivanoff in its voluptuous phrases. The polacca is scarcely "ship built," and wants cutting, as well as variety in the cadences; but its general character is fairy-like and most elegant. His Lordship has unquestionably a happy

vein for "first melodies," and would prove an invaluable companion to an operatic director. The canons or rounds are the gems of the opera, and the first mentioned would reflect honour on the most distinguished veteran in dramatic composition. It is beautifully phrased, well voiced, neatly turned in its close, and sprinkled with some nice and attractive harmonies. Most of these movements, as well as some others, met with strong *encores*.

In the construction of the movements, the noble amateur has adopted the mannerism of the southern composers, which, it must be allowed, is not a very difficult task to succeed in, although it is in England never, or seldom, put into practice. Of course, the great and only difficulty is to get the first thought, and herein Lord Burghersh is most felicitous, for his primal melodies are full of grace and airiness. The instrumentation varied, some parts being light and clean, others thick and overlaid, but, as a whole, worthy of commendation.

The performance was excellent, with the exception of the gentleman who undertook the part of the king, a part in which we recommend him never again to appear. Mrs. Bishop was the unaffected and *naïve debutante*, Miss Wyndham the graceful cavalier. Ivanoff as idle in manner as exquisite in voice, and the chorists superb. We trust to hear this work again: with some alterations, a mending here and there of a particular harmony, a remodelling of the polacca sang by Miss Wyndham, the opera may fearlessly challenge the approbation of the metropolitan amateurs.

SIR GEORGE SMART AS A CHURCH COMPOSER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—A correspondent in your journal, who signs himself "A Contrapuntist," enquires under whom the new composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royals studied counterpoint, whose system of harmony he has adopted, and where are to be found the "few compositions," stated to be so "highly creditable" to his talents "as a contrapuntist?" May I ask, Sir, why has the Bishop of London, in his great care of the Protestant Church in this country, his love for Her Majesty, and his anxiety for the honour and welfare of her chapels, appointed this gentleman as one of the composers? who, as far as the knowledge of the musical public extends, has never yet produced a single anthem or concerted movement for the use of a cathedral choir. Is not this appointment a cruel injustice to our Established Church, a mockery of regal endowments, and a gross insult to those composers who have dedicated their talents to the service of the sanctuary?

I am, Sir, your faithful Servant,

Monday evening.

ONE WHO PERFORMS WHAT HE UNDERTAKES.

HENRY GUZEL, THE HORN PLAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

GUZEL passed his life about the Russian Court, hence his abilities are unknown and unsung in Southern Europe. In mature age he felt a kind of Swiss-longing to visit Mayence, his native city, where I first met him, when he played over the exercise I send you on a common French-horn, with as much fluency as if it had been performed on a violin. I now extract it from a book of Horn Exercises, which Guzel published at Mayence, in 1826. His fate was unfortunate; he took it into his head that he would go to Paris as a concerto-player. As he was about to execute this project, his lips, which up to that time had been remarkably *flat*, (and this he said was the great secret of his success,) took another shape. They bulged, probably from age. He was much distressed as he now lost some of his highest notes. One morning he came to me, saying, that he was sure he should recover his powers, if he could get a skilful surgeon to pare his lips down flat as before. Unable to prevail on any surgeon to undertake such an operation he performed it himself with a razor! This ruined him. In 1830, I accidentally met him at Paris

in a state of great destitution. I know not whether he be in existence, but I have sent you the exercise, as it gives some idea of his extraordinary command over his instrument. If its publication be consistent with the object of the "Musical World," I shall in some sort have saved the name of Henry Guzel from total oblivion.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

Carlsruhe (Duchy of Baden).

R. S. PEARSALL.

[The exercise, too long to print, is curious and difficult; but we have players in this country who would execute it, although perchance not at a first reading. That part of Mr. Pearsall's letter, referring to the Trumpet, shall appear next week.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

THALBERG has announced a concert to take place in Berlin in November!

THE CORONATION ORGAN.—Government have redeemed this instrument, and that portion of the orchestra to which the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey had lain claim, by paying them five hundred pounds as a compensation fee.

MR. W. H. KEARNS has been appointed organist of Bishopsgate church. The church of St. Mildred in the Poultry is now vacant, and candidates must send in their names and testimonials on or before the 8th of August next.

THE BIRMINGHAM ORGAN.—During the recent visit of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge to Birmingham, he took an opportunity of going to the Town Hall, to hear the celebrated organ, which uprears its lofty front in the music gallery. Mr. Hollings performed. His Royal Highness sat in the opposite gallery, and at the conclusion expressed his high admiration of the extraordinary powers and ponderous tones of this noble instrument. The impression of this organ, when its full powers first fall on the ear, is quite *unique*: for the moment it is a conflicting roar, a raging war of sound.

MARSHAL SOULT AT BIRMINGHAM.—His Excellency visited the Town Hall. For hours previous to his arrival this immense and magnificent building had been crowded with company anxious to have a view of the veteran General. He arrived about a quarter to six o'clock; and upon being introduced into the organ gallery, was most vociferously cheered. Mr. Hollings presided at the organ, and after the performance of one or two airs, (amongst others *Malbrook!*) his Excellency and suite left the Hall amidst every demonstration of good feeling from the populace.

SIGNOR HUERTA, a gentleman who performs on the guitar with some considerable ability, gave his second concert on Monday evening.

LABLACHE, ALBERTAZZI, and LABLACHE Fils accompany Mori on a provincial tour after the close of the opera.

The Gloucester Festival, held in September next, will be on the most extensive scale.

DOEHLER has returned with Cinti and Bochsa from the country, where he was also accompanied by Curioni and Giubilei. He has left London for Paris, but is engaged to return in a month for a second excursion. It is said Bochsa gave him a retaining fee of sixty guineas per week.

Mdlle. Falcon has arrived in Paris, completely recovered from her illness, when fears were entertained for her voice.

THE FRANKFORT FESTIVAL takes place on the 29th instant.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S. We have seen something of the squabble referred to by our Correspondent, but it is a matter best confined to the columns of a Sunday Newspaper.

Justus would send us into a court of justice by the insertion of his letter, Men who come before the Public, must undergo the ordeal of Public Opinion, but the imputation of unsound motives, and advanced in the homely language of our Correspondent, would subject us to an action.

We have no use for the account sent us of the performance at St. Sepulchre's Church.

WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		
Herr, Henri. Air from the Opera of Aline, (duet)	D'Almaine	
Beethoven's waltz "Le Desir," (duet)	Ditto	
Donizetti. Opera "L'Elsire d'Amore."	Ewer	
Méves, A. Rondo Caractéristique on "Gia fan Ritorno."	Z. T. Purday	
Colin, C. "La Jota," Spanish air as Rondo	Ditto	
Westrop, E. J. "Les charmes d'Almacks"	Ditto	
Eight popular Country Dances and Hornpipes	Ditto	
"Chief of the windy Morven," duet	Ditto	
Weipert, G. Rory O'More and Queen's Waltzes	Ditto	
Rossellen, Henri. Variations on a Romance by A. Adam	Ditto	
Schmidt, Alloys. Five finger Exercises	Ditto	
Preparatory Studies.	Ditto	
Bott. Morceau d'Amusement, No. 3. Waltzes, Polacces, and Galops, Op. 50	Weasel	
Hummel. "Favourite de Jena," Rondo elegant, No. 2.	Ditto	
VOCAL.		
Klitz, P. "Agnes," ballad	Z. T. Purday	
Purday, C. H. "The Fairy Queen," Recit. and Cavatina	Ditto	
Knight, J. P. "Old time is still a flying," ballad	Z. T. Purday	
Blewitt, J. "Switzerland, dear Switzerland," duet	Ditto	
Tipper, J. E. "Wake, Judah, wake," sacred song	Ditto	
Knapton, R. M. The song of the Bride (Joanna Bailie)	Mori	
Calcott, W. H. "The cloud capt towers," glee by Stevens, newly arranged	Londonale	
Original ballad, "I never believe what I hear."	Ditto	
Perry, Edward. "The last adieu," song	C. Ollivier	
Gillespie, W. F. "She listened for that fatal sound," ballad	Mills	
FOREIGN VOCAL.		
Donizetti. "Ah! se d'amor," Cavatina	Mills	
Samperi. (Marchese) "Cesao del Arpe," Aria	Ditto	
Catrufo. "Perche mi inseeri," duettino	Ditto	
"Gia su la via," ditto	Ditto	
PIANO AND VIOLIN.		
Weber. Grand Polonoise in E flat.	Weasel	
MILITARY BAND.		
Strauss. "Grazien Tanze," No. 50, Mil. Journal.	Weasel	
Lindpainter. National Tribute, "Hail Victoria, England's Queen," No. 53	Ditto	
Mil Journal.	Ditto	

[We have again to complain of publishers forwarding to us Weekly Lists containing works previously inserted by us; and which we therefore altogether omit. We should feel obliged if the lists in future transmitted to us were always written in a legible hand, and made out in the manner adopted by us in their publication.]

G. A. KOLLMANN'S NEW PATENT PIANOFORTES.

THE novel features which characterize Mr. G. Kollmann's HORIZONTAL GRAND PIANOFORTES, consist not merely in Improvements of One, or several of the various parts of which the Instrument is composed, while the Principals according to which it has hitherto been formed are retained, but in the application of superior Principles of such a nature, that these Pianofortes receive a new and Improved construction in all their departments, obtaining by simple means the best results, namely in—
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FALSTAFF.

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Strike the lyre, 4 voices—T. Cooke.....	3 0
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Troop's affid, 5 voices—Right Hon. Lord Burghersh.....	3 6
Venetian boatmen's evening song, 4 voices— from Bach.....	2 0
Vale of the cross, 3 voices—Hargreaves.....	2 0
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IT is now five years since the Proprietors of the Gray's Inn Wine Establishment commenced their operations on this wine, and it will be remembered that two years ago they introduced it to the Public, as well worthy, both in quality and price, to take its stand among those in general consumption in this country: they detailed at length their knowledge of its quality, and the practical experience upon which their judgment was formed: they showed that the heavy and unequal taxation created by the Methuen Treaty, in 1793, has amounted to a prohibition of many of the wines of France; but the English Government having, in 1831, equalized the duties on French and Portugal wines, they expressed their conviction that a wide field was opened for capital and exertion to compete with the hitherto more favoured vineyards of the Peninsula: the success which has attended that competition will be best seen by the undermentioned Parliamentary return, showing the net consumption of the United Kingdom.

No. 369.—Ordered by the HOUSE OF COMMONS to be printed, 7th May, 1838.

UNITED KINGDOM.		YEARS ending 5th January.		
		1836.	1837.	1838.
		Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.
<i>Quantities retained for Home Consumption, after deducting the Amount exported subsequently to the Payment of Duty.</i>	Cape	522,941	541,511	500,727
	French	271,661	352,063	440,322
	Portugal	2,780,024	2,878,359	2,573,157
	Spanish	2,230,187	2,388,413	2,297,070
	Madeira	139,422	133,673	119,873
	Rhenish	48,696	59,454	44,807
	Canary	50,956	51,128	41,864
	Fayal	1,906	1,456	282
	Sicilian and other sorts	374,549	403,155	373,458
TOTAL		6,420,342	6,809,212	6,391,560

It will be seen by this return that while the total consumption of wine has remained nearly stationary, that of French wine has steadily and progressively increased, the year ending 5th January, 1838, showing the enormous increase of 62 per cent. over that ending 5th January, 1836; this large increase is chiefly attributable to Masdeu, as is fully proved by the Custom House Reports, and shows, beyond a doubt, that this wine is well adapted both to the palate and constitution of English consumers; it must also be borne in mind, that this increase has taken place notwithstanding Masdeu has never yet (except to a very small extent) been introduced in that ripe and matured state, which age in bottle can alone impart, for Masdeu, like all other red wines, requires age, both in wood and bottle, to render it perfect and fit for the table.

With this view the Proprietors of the Grays Inn Wine Establishment (anticipating these results from the intrinsic quality of the wine) caused 2,500 dozen to be put in bottle in the year 1835, and have since annually increased their stock, so that they might be in the same position with this as with the other wines in which they deal, and be enabled to keep up a constant supply of matured and old bottled wine. It is now in brilliant condition, *with a firm crust*; may be moved without the slightest injury; and the Nobility and Public in general are respectfully invited to pass their judgment on it at the vaults of their Establishment.

The Proprietors regret the necessity of again cautioning the Public and the country wine merchants against various common red wines which have been in many instances surreptitiously imposed upon the wine merchants, and through them, unknowingly, upon the Public, as the genuine Masdeu, to which they have no more affinity than the port wine produced in Figueira has to the highest quality of the vineyards of the Alto Douro.

Cash prices as under. Country orders must contain remittances, or references in London.

		Hampers, 1s. per dozen.		Bottles, 2s. per dozen.	
Masdeu, from the wood	Per Pipe. 66s.	Per Hhd. 33s. 10s.	Per Qr. Cask. 16s. 16s.	Per Dozen. 28s.	
Do., 2 years in bottle	32s.
Do., 3 years in bottle	36s.

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